

ISSUE #1

too much

DADA

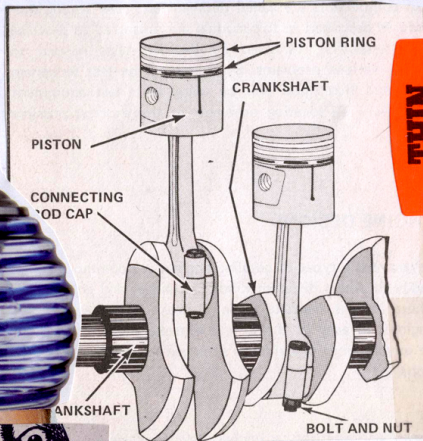
The Nameless Document

This extraordinary



the remarkable

Three different books—maybe even for three different readers. But, boy oh boy, does this group deliver pure pleasure.



THIN
SLICED

who created the
original scripts that were adapted and used

! I am DADA am I ?

A compendium of bizarre,
and oftentimes witless dribble
culled from the nation



INCREDIBLE

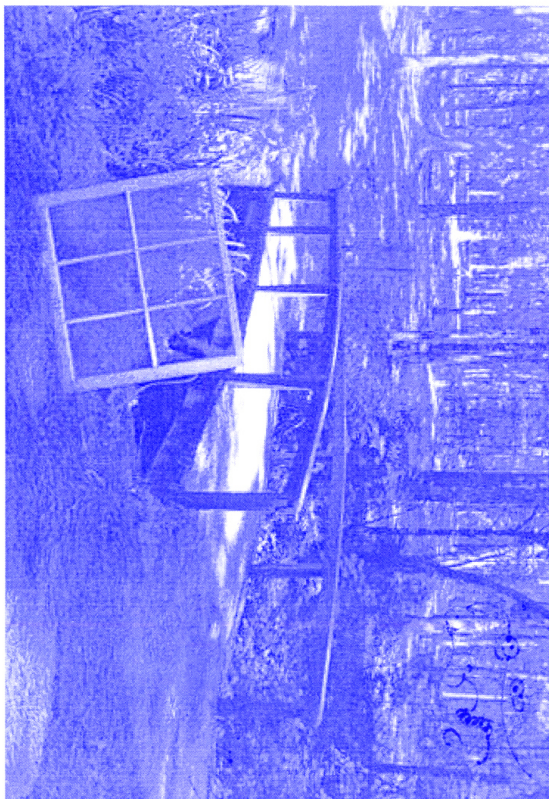
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CONTRIBUTOR'S COPY
THANKS EVERYONE —

the kind that never sees the sun. I knew it, it's heading this way.
A spider crawling down the skinny guy's leg. It is green spider.

1
A

1
B



Fluffy

Marsh

PILLOWS

BEHIND

which

Seven
pgs

KETTLES

BRED

3001927876611195909216420198938095257201065485863
6783165271201909145648566923460348610454326648213
39*green piece of dew with a hint of wonder. a+36
08%slice of pepper feeling asleep at my07
12&prolixity. heckler is lost. courtyard is go-54
12^gone. hi says it round. bleeding teeth inthe25
58~rectangular sheen it is because it is it is&82
35\$along the hospital bed. scratch a globe for#86
24#trance of orbicular. 1 man paints five hund31
92*red and eight thousand nine hundred and twe-64
53(twelve in amaze oh amaze yeah amazement and^38
26\$trapezoid isn't blue but there is a story uh78
23)here just look and see it and adopt ptolemy.52
2491412737245870066063155881748815209209628292540
5332083814206171776691473035982534904287554687311

2

IN REGARDS to

CAVERN

on

trays

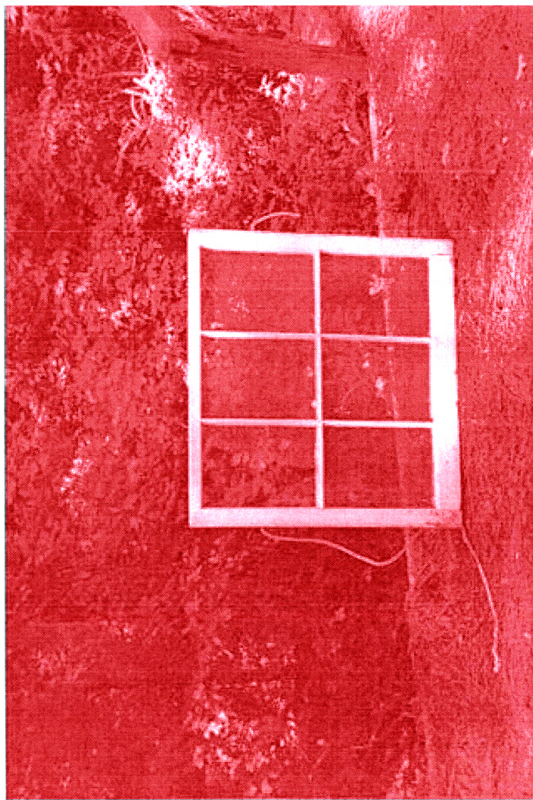
BUT

course,

of

DADA!

The very nature of dada is to attack itself.
To create itself out of itself. Ouroboros.



LEAVE .

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THE DOOR SMACKS YOU AS YOU



LEAVE A TIP; WALK AWAY .



IT WILL SUCK YOUR BLOOD .



THIS RESTAURANT WILL EAT YOU .



ON THE GRILL .



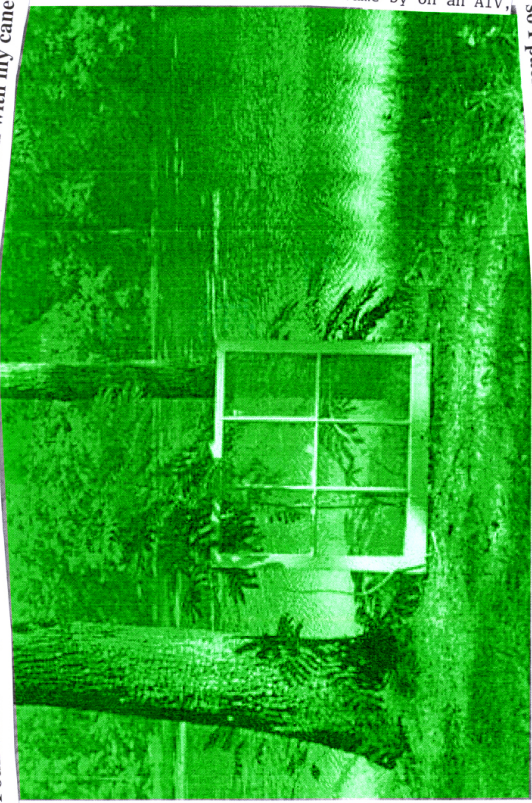
BRAINS SIZZLE SAUSAGE — LIKE

as Iv
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coftop
from
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River
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"Found an utterly lovely little cove to fish from. was just settling down with my cane p

pole when some rather loud campers came by on an ATV,

so I packed it all in and moved further along the trail."



and he will go over all of our programs





Two have been with me for a very long time. They don't get along with each other, though.



by Justin Dornwest
Fan de Natural Dada

Dadaism is the atheist of the art world though it is more Buddhist in its application. It exists yet it does not believe in itself. It does not make art but art is made. It is the ~~quality~~ of dadaism that has made the dream of dadaism linger on. Dada must be a dream because.....

"dada is dead, long live dada!" A dream dies as consciousness is born. Only the memory of subconsciousness lingers on. The dream of art has died; the memory of art is... ... dada!

DUE SOUTH



This will be the fifth spider who has visited me under my booth. The first one I smashed, the second I chased away, and the last

was walking along a beautiful hiking trail, minding my own business when I was suddenly attacked by a thirty-foot long Wildly Poisonous Black Tree Viper. After a brief and manful struggle with WPBTV I emerged victorious, none the worse for wear, and went on about my nature walk."



a thirty-foot long Wildly Poisonous Black Tree Viper.

A picnic basket filled with pumpernickle bread and a crumbling mound of feta sits inconspicuously under the shade of a large bush. A tinted green bottle of cheap kitchen wine has tipped over and is spilling onto the sand, mingling with the particles and emulsifying into a paste.

On the hot sand an Asiatic woman in a black one-piece is being pleased by a pink octopus the size of a sofa. Its tentacles find their way into every opening her body has to offer. It wears reading lenses and takes long, absent drags from a fat cigar as the woman moans and convulses spastically.

Two flabby children bury dad under a mountain of wet sand, their wispy blonde hair shining like gold tinsel under the sun. Their mother watches from underneath a large red and white polka-dotted umbrella, feigning interest in a small book of crossword puzzles as she anxiously gnaws the cap of her plastic pen. Behind her big black sunglasses her eyes get fat and pulsate, and a drop of saliva forms on the corner of her lips.

A small hermit crab makes a used condom its home, dragging the translucent semen encrusted rubber triumphantly like a cape across the beach and into the water. It thinks it's Superman and I don't have the heart to tell it otherwise.

I urinate in the water. It seems like the only rational thing to do.

Brent, his mouth still agape

except his lips now trembling and

some spittle rising to the brim,

almost spilling over the edge,

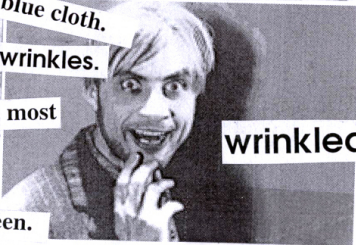
turned to Clyde, and once again peered at his shirt.

His eyes locked in on the blue cloth.

More than a billion wrinkles.

Clydes shirt was the most

piece of fabric hed ever seen.



Flashing wrinkles like silver plastic snowflakes floating inside a huge crystal ball. Corrugated folds like crow's feet in a riverbed. Brent couldn't believe the amount of crisp and shriveled rumples. He gasped at the abundance of twisting random folds in the cloth before him. Brent had never noticed any wrinkles in any of his friends' shirts before that moment.

SO MUCH BLOOD ON THE STREETS. CRAZY SLIMY THINGS DARTING, INTO BUS STATIONS

AND ALLEYWAYS. THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL US. ALWAYS TRYING TO KILL US. THEY'RE

AWARE OF THE TRANSMITTERS IN OUR HEADS. THE ONES THAT CALL OUT TO PARTS

UNKNOWN. PARTS UNKNOWN HAVEN'T ANSWERED YET, BUT I'M CONFIDENT THEY WILL



SOON. 'JUST GIVE IT TIME', DR. RASMUSSEN TOLD ME. I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHO DR. RASMUSSEN IS. HE FLOATS AROUND IN A RED MIST, HAS A MOUTH OF A THOUSAND

STARS, AND THAT'S ALL I KNOW.



EXPANDS LIKE A
UNIVERSE THROUGH
SILKEN SILVER SEAS.

JOHN SON

WHAT FIVE EX-PRESIDENTS ARE DOING RIGHT NOW



sows human heads
to kill hunger pains

Carter

Taft

rumbles through the cosmos
on dire winds of green

dances in the fire
atop a match head

NIXON



rides greased lightning
past heaven's gate.

MORE:





Just when you thought it was safe



80 MILLION PEOPLE.
learn more about the craftsman-
different states across the U.S.

← this sucks!

SURE

CHOCOLATEBLOODRUSHPATTYCAKE

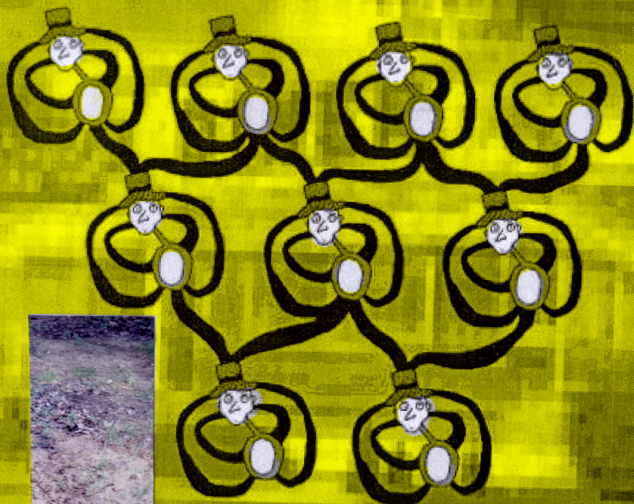
by
living life in a paper bag, my scRotum has grown to the size of an elephant. i stomp through the afterlife with rotting yellow teeth, the mouth of a clOwn floating idly by my side. the world bleeds chocolate resonance through defiant whisperers of emptY molasses. i lift my fingers to touch your brains, but my lack of Carnal knowledge prevents me from doing much damage. the opEratic militia of organic design will rape and pillage your four-legged bride with a plethora of dIrty spoons. the fifth dimension will envelope itself around your eyelids, leaving you unConscious and irritable, yet subtle enough for afternoon sex with chimpanzees. diagnOsis; you will find yourself feeling relaxed and calm on a bed of rusty Nails.

PREVIOUSLY
FROZEN

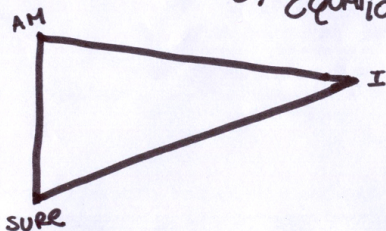
**LONDON
BROIL**

ESTIMADO CLIENTE

Por favor use esta información para montar el sillín en la bicicleta. No haga caso de las especificaciones de par de torsión para los pernos y/o las tuercas de la abrazadera del sillín que figuran en la parte final del Manual de Instrucciones. Somete las tuercas y/o pernos a un par de torsión de 20 pies-libras.



Ego Equation #1



click



It's shows me a strange reality
in tiny sixty second segments
subconsciously, slyly suggests
the visions it presents are real.
If I don't believe do I still exist?

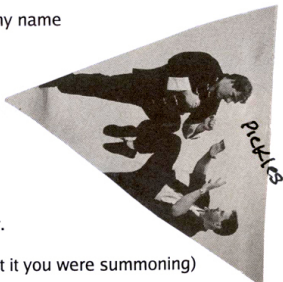
Having once worked
in a corporate salve camp,
and escaped through the wrinkled, mazed mind
of a ladder-legged redhead
(recalling a threesome I once had with one woman)
I practiced making etchings in my skin
(except for the threesome, that wasn't me.)

I once danced with the King of Sweden, was that you?
Corporate run salve camps...now that sounds disgusting.
I mean, do they MAKE salve or just use it?
Now THERE'S a name I couldn't forget
(even with liberal applications of chemicals and area-specific neurosurgery.)
Perhaps it was hot-air ballooning with the MontGolfiers,
(were you in that sort of orangish gondola?)

Didn't you once shout your name in an otherwise empty train station?

Thinking the station was empty, I shouted my name
Trying to summon myself,
the acoustics were perfect.
Screaming in a giant amplifier,
(I could not reach heaven)
Not yet, it seems.
(the timing was impeccable)

Heard you? Empty? It was.
I walked through a week later,
and a moth whispered your name in my ear.
That must be where I Heard of you.
(The moth was suprised to find that it wasn't it you were summoning)
as it had appeared just as you shouted.
(It spent that week thinking it was, in fact, you.)



Irrelephant (staring through the knothole in Grandpa's wooden leg)

DEAR CUSTOMER

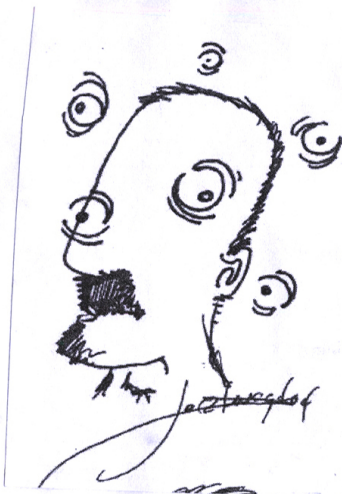
Please use this information when you assemble the Saddle to the bicycle. Disregard the torque range specifications for the Saddle Clamp bolts and/or nuts in the back of the Instruction Book. Torque to the Saddle Clamp nuts and/or bolts to 20 foot-pounds.

LET THERE BE
SMALL
BAGS FOR YOU
UPON ME
WHICH

She tries to give me money for the jukebox, and wants to buy me bags of cheese popcorn, but I quit letting her over a year ago.

Plain Text Attachment [Download File | Save to Yahoo! Briefcase]

We are currently on our cards.
Drastically seeing or immensely removing.
This will prove?
Believe in them. These.
The experiences withdraw our foaces.



Plain Text Attachment [Download File | Save to Yahoo! Briefcase]

14-year-old severe face
Doctors couldn't revive the results
Nine-hour trains exercise
Round-up the dedication
Survival as a plain zebra head
Your underbelly protects the misaligned knees
Abundant drama
Life-and-death drama



Da-da (dā'dā, -dā), *n.* [Fr.; prob. < child's cry], a cult (1916-1922) in art and literature characterized by satiric nihilism and irrational, formless expression of supposedly subconscious matter: also Da'da-ism. —Da'da-ist, *adj.* & *n.*

The Gettesberg Address - E Speech be Ebrehem Lenceln

The Gettesberg Address - E Speech be Ebrehem Lenceln
 "Feerscere end seven eers ege eer fethers breeht ferth en thes
 centenent e new neteen, cenceeved en leberte end dedeceted to the
 prepeseteeen thet ell men ere creeted egeel...."

CONTENTS:

4:12pm

\$3.19

\$4.99

\$2.39

\$2.39

\$1.67

\$1.45

\$5.65

\$5.29

\$0.53

\$0.53

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\$1.29

\$0.72

\$39

\$39

\$39

\$0.00

- Page 1:
- Paul Nettles
 - Amy P (TEXT)

- Page 2:
- Jason Earls (TEXT)
 - JUSTYNN TYME

- Page 3:
- Paul Nettles
 - JUSTYNN TYME (TEXT)

- Page 4:
- Kevin Donihe (TEXT)
 - Dada Yow

- Page 5:
- Paul Nettles (PIC)
 - Dada Yow

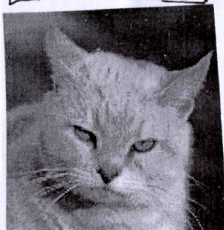
- Page 6:
- JUSTYNN TYME (TEXT)
 - Amy P. (TEXT)
 - Dada yow

- Page 7:
- Paul Nettles

- Page 8:
- A.D. Macdonald (TEXT)

- Page 9:
- Jason Earls (TEXT)
 - Dada Yow

- Front/Back:
- JUSTYNN TYME
 - One Angry Blonde



VISIT DADA YOW'S ON-LINE GALLERIES, MANIFESTOS & FRIENDS

<http://www.OmphalosDada.org>

- Page: 10
- Kevin Donihe (TEXT)
 - JUSTYNN TYME

- Page: 11
- JUSTYNN TYME

- Page: 12
- Kevin Donihe (TEXT)
 - JUSTYNN TYME
 - Cake Earthhead

- Page: 13
- Royce Icon (TEXT)
 - Dada Yow

- Page: 41
- Dave Martin
 - JUSTYNN TYME
 - Dada Yow

- Page: 15
- Paul Nettle (TEXT)
 - Unidentified Friend (TEXT)
 - JUSTYNN TYME (TEXT BUBBLE)

- Page: 16
- Darren Olsen
 - Amy P. (TEXT)

- Page: 17
- Jared Towler (TEXT)
 - JUSTYNN TYME

- Page: 18
- Dane Martin
 - Cake Earthhead
 - JUSTYNN TYME (TEXT)

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